February 1, 2025

The Bowiggel and the Southern Cotton Industry

In the heart of Dixie, where the cotton grows,

Lies a tale of toil, where the river flows.

The Bowiggel, a spirit of the land,

Guides the hands that work, both strong and grand.

Fields of white, beneath the Southern sun,

Whispers of history, battles lost and won.

The Bowiggel watches, with eyes so keen,

Over the cotton fields, a timeless scene.

From dawn till dusk, the laborers toil,

In the rich, fertile Southern soil.

Their sweat and tears, a testament to strife,

In the pursuit of a better life.

Oh, Bowiggel, guardian of the past,

May your watchful gaze forever last.

In the Southern cotton fields, where dreams are spun,

A legacy of resilience, never undone.